Volume LXXVI CHICAGO, OCTOBER 7, 1915 Number 6

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

The Hereafter

Hereafter! O we need not waste
Our smiles or tears, whate'er befall;
No happiness but holds a taste
Of something sweeter, after all:—
No depth of agony but feels
Some fragment of abiding trust,—
Whatever Death unlocks or seals
The mute beyond is just.

—*James Whitcomb Riley*

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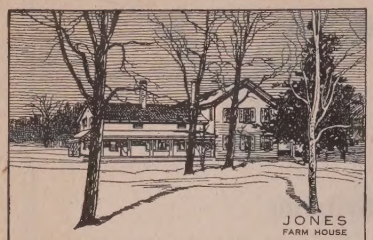

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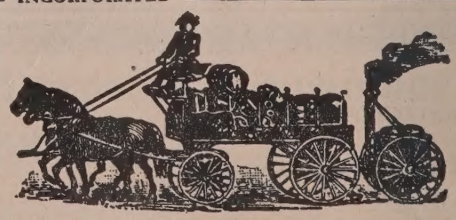

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVI. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1915. NUMBER 6

A Prayer

The prayer which follows was uttered by Theodore Parker as a prelude to a sermon on The Uses of Sorrow, delivered by him on Sunday, July 27, 1851, at the Melodeon in Boston. Taken down by the flying fingers of his devoted friend and reporter, Rufus Leighton, who was one of the few persons in those days acquainted with the art of stenography, and who has recently died full of years and with the respect of all who knew him, it is printed here for the first time. As one reads these glowing, tender, rapt utterances the deep religiousness of Parker becomes apparent, as well as the secret of his power over his hearers. For him to pray was as natural as to breathe; it was indeed the very life of his soul; for in him aspiration and inspiration were one. C. W. W.

Our Father that art in heaven, we flee unto thee again to offer thee our morning psalm of thanksgiving, and of praise and prayer. We fain would worship thee, who art spirit, with spirit and in truth; and we would bring every faculty which thou hast given us to serve and honor thee, praying thee that thou wouldst inspire every faculty which thou hast given, and through these inlets pour more of thyself upon our needy and hungering souls. We know that thou needest no prayer at our lip, nor askest a sacrifice at our hands, but our souls hunger and thirst after thee, and though thou givest us the things of this world, we reach out longingly our arms for thee who art the father of our souls. Give us the things which thou knowest us to need, impart to us thine inspiration, that we may be ashamed and penitent of every sin, and gird our loins with new strength to bear the cross laid on us and to do the duties thou givest us to do.

Father, all about us we behold the footprints of thy power, we feel the blessed influence of thy loving kindness and thy tender mercy. It is thou that clothest the world in the luxuriance of summer, adorning every hill with green, and robing every tree in its excellence of beauty; it is thou that waterest the fields from thine own heavens, and sendest the dew to moisten the leaf of every little grape and every growing thing; and we, O Lord, lift up our souls to thee, asking the quickening inspiration of thy presence, that we may be sustained and cherished, and fed and satisfied, that we my grow in thy sunlight and in the things thou lendest us, till we are indeed acceptable in thy sight and blessed by thee. Father, we think thee for the powers which thou hast given us, the power of doing duty, of enduring trial, of bearing crosses, and of making ourselves perfect in thy sight, achieving thine image in our daily life.

We thank thee for all the favorable circumstances which thou hast placed about us; for the friends that uphold our hands when they be weary, and sustain our heart when it is ready to faint and perish within us. We thank thee for those near and dear to us, who pray with us in our prayers, who sympathize with us in our sorrows and strengthen us in every time of need; yea, Lord, we thank thee for the greater friends of our soul, the noble men of spiritual genius whom thou hast raised up and sent in the pathway of mortal life to lead our footsteps in the paths of peace; but most of all do we thank thee for him who was tried in all things, like as we are, yet without sin. Father, we thank thee that in a mortal form he revealed so much that was immortal; we thank thee for his words of soberness and of truth, for the good deeds that he wrought, for the piety which he revealed, and for that confidence in thee which was stronger than every evil thing, and gave him the power over death, and took the victory away from the grave. Lord, we thank thee that thou hast made us all akin to him, and akin also to thee. We thank thee that thou never withholdest thine inspiration from thy children, but fillest our little cup with thine own sweet influence when we are faithful to ourselves and to thee. We thank thee for the many blessings thou hast scattered along our path; for the things which make our heart rejoice and run over with gratitude to thee; and when thou hast tried us with stern sorrows and given us hard duties to be done and heavy crosses to be borne, shall we not thank thee also for these things? Forgive us, great God, that we have grown no greater, forgive us that we murmur at thy rod, and complain underneath thy cross and do not feel thy presence with us at all times; forgive us that we cannot in our weakness thank thee for the crosses which thou givest us to bear.

We know not what a day shall bring forth, and we know not how to ask thee for daily blessings, nor what we should pray for of things that perish; give us therefore what thou seest us to need, feed us with food convenient for us, and endow us with such of this world's goods as thou knowest us to need. If prosperity be our growth in goodness and in grace, open thou thy heavens and send down the dew in its sweet influence upon our branch and root; or, if thou seest that we need sterner visitations, try us with sorrow and afflict us with trial even as thou wilt, so that we become truer to ourselves, nobler and greater and more holy souls. In our day of prosperity teach us its lessons, and may our heart be full of gratitude and our hand full of bounty; and in our day of trial reveal to us yet greater things and make us stronger and wiser yet; and when there are taken away from us the things that most dearly we cling to, in the silent worship of sorrow teach us to feel our nearness to thee, and to have that perfect love which shall cast out every fear.

O Lord, may nothing hinder us from growth in manhood, may neither prosperity nor sadness come between us and the influence of thine own spirit, but through both may we ascend to thee. So may we grow greater and wiser by success, and by sorrow and disappointment wiser still, and by the alternate wings of sorrow and of joy, mount up as eagles towards thee, flying and never weary, approaching nearer to thee still and nearer yet, our God!

Father in heaven, thou knowest our needs and our wants, thou seest our smiles and thou art a father to our tears; and we pray thee that every good and every seeming evil thing may be changed to better, and our own souls become one with thee, till all our wish is but thy will, and all our life is but the publication of thy law our daily prayer a psalm to thee, our daily life one long, perpetual and ascending prayer.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us each day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from its evils. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

We are for petitioning Congress for a drastic law that will make it a capital offense for any publisher to issue a magazine without an index, or an index that plays hide-and-go-seek with advertisements of corsets, underwear, automobiles and victrolas. On behalf of a long suffering public we demand that every magazine shall place their index in some conspicuous yet accessible and always the same place.

Rev. E. C. Smith, Secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference in the October number of the *Unitarian Advance*, reports that the general Unitarian Conference at San Francisco was a great success. He concludes that the "personal and social aspects of religion found more emphasis than is frequently the

case in such gatherings, and that the right of prophesying does not belong to the clergy alone." It would be a dull man indeed that would have to go to San Francisco to find that out.

We are glad to print in another column an illuminating address by Mr. Lewis J. Alber, general manager of the Coit Lyceum Bureau, Cleveland, Ohio. It is his answer to the demand of Frank Dixon before the International Lyceum Association at a recent meeting in Chicago. When we wrote the editorial on "Another Trust," in the issue of September 23rd, we were not acquainted with the details of the discussion, and we are glad to give publiity to Mr. Albert's defence of the Lyceum platform as something too big to be monopolized by the "closed shop" of a "Labor Union," even though the union be a union of brains and represent "high talent."

The Universalists and Unitarians of Michigan are again going to meet in joint session. Weakness, if not strength, compels these religious organizations to recognize the identity of their message, the unity of their field and the absurdity of their dwelling apart. The Illinois Unitarian Conference meets this year at Hinsdale, October 12 and 13. "The Soul of the Free Church," "The Ideals and Methods of Christian Socialism" and "The Individual in Society" are among the topics announced for discussion. The Unitarians and Universalists of Wisconsin hold a joint meeting at Warsaw, November 2-4; a new church is to be dedicated. The Iowa Unitarians meet at Iowa City, October 5-7.

In the death of James Kier Hardie, England has lost a soldier of the higher army. He fought with weapons more far reaching than swords and bullets. He lived and died for a cause higher than that with geographical boundaries that represent the political and national issues. He is the last in the line to which John Ball, John Wesley, John Ruskin and Thomas Carlyle belong. They stood for the democracy that recognizes nobility among the non-noble. Even yet in democratic America there are comparatively few prepared to accept the logic of democracy and to turn their backs on the snobbishness that wealth, titled inheritance, social distinctions bring. We join with *The Public* in saying, "the British people have better cause to cherish the memory of Kier Hardie than of any other military leader with nothing more important to his credit than a victory on the battle field."

Anthony Comstock was an unpopular servant of the people when alive, and now that he is dead, the newspaper men find amusement in impaling him on their pencil points. It is hard to draw the line between fanaticism and decency in the realm in which Mr. Comstock worked. It is easy to show the fallacy and something worse of a fanatic in regard to the nude in art. But it is not so easy in these days to remember that purity is the etymological root of Puritanism and that there is a vast amount of downright indecency and coarse vulgarity tolerated, if not fostered, in our cities for purely commercial ends. The seamy side of the otherwise noble San Francisco exposition reported last week in these columns, the open indecencies of the dance houses, the street gambling at county fairs and in street carnivals, now becoming so popular even in the big city of Chicago, represent vicious forces which the individual cannot remove or scarcely protect himself from. The day is coming when the state will clothe itself with ethical responsibilities; it will protect the souls of little children and unguarded adults as it now protects their bodies. Anthony Comstock was not such a fool as he was sometimes taken to be and he worked clumsily at a problem not yet worked out. Let his name be spoken with respect.

The old way, still largely practiced in Europe, was to drive horses tandem—one ahead of the other—but the American farmer has learned the more efficient way of hitching the horses abreast. The two horses side by side can draw a heavier load than one ahead of the other. The progressive American farmer ploughs with three and sometimes four horses abreast. This is a lesson for the reformers. They have a wasteful way of driving their reforms tandem. Here is a group for suffrage, there is a band pledged to temperance, and still a third organization working for Peace. Can they not shorten the traces, simplify the tackling and hitch all these to the car of progress and drive them abreast? Intemperance, masculine arrogance in government and militarism are foes of progress, wearing one livery and standing, so to speak, in one pair of shoes. Let the friends of progress synthesize their forces, for a triumph anywhere is a triumph for all the causes. To speak of things at home, United States is going dry at a galloping pace. Nineteen prohibition states now, forty out of the eighty-six counties of Minnesota dry and more coming; President Wilson has declared his sympathy for woman's suffrage. Great advances may be looked for in this cause at the coming elections. These triumphs are all spiking the cannons of war, dismantling fortresses and scuttling warships most effectively.

Chicago has been rendering deserved honor to the Women Pilgrims who have been visiting governmental centers in the interest of Peace. Dr. Jacobs of Hol-

land, Mrs. MacMillan of England Madame Schwimmer of Austria, and meekly following in their train, Senator La Fontaine of Belgium. A goodly audience gathered to hear these speakers at the auditorium Friday night last and the Chicago Peace Society tendered them a luncheon Saturday noon at the Sherman House. All honor to these brave leaders; their fervor is contagious; no word for Peace can fail of service, but it is fair to say that the cause they espouse is much more commanding than the methods they advocate. It may be that no outside force can command official action even among neutrals, still less among belligerents, and if no direct way opens by which this wicked war can be brought to a close, now is the psychological moment to do yeoman service in the interest of internationalism. Now is the time to educate the people so that the next war will be made more improbable, if not impossible. One thing is sure, the cause of peace is not yet triumphant in the United States. There is much hard work to be done farther down and farther back. The current press, the business world, perhaps the average male voter and a distressing number of women are still under the domination of the philosophy of force. Hence, the thriving of military schools, the strong movements in many quarters to introduce military training into public high schools as well as colleges, the spectacular applause heaped upon the latest social sensation of amateur soldiery which has made Plattsburg and Fort Sheridan social resorts. Five thousand visitors were reported at Camp Sheridan last Sunday and the play soldiers "in their neat uniforms" spent the day in entertaining their guests, showing them the trenches they had dug and the machine guns they were learning to use. Here is a work for women, home makers and plain people that cannot fail of results. The disillusion of war disposing of the primal fallacy of the gospel of force is even now the most important task at hand, and it may be the most efficient way of silencing the European cannon and bringing to an end this horrible carnage.

James Whitcomb Riley

Another birthday of the most beloved poet now living in America! October 7th is a red letter day not only to the school children but to the teachers, preachers and philosophers of America. Many years ago Lucy Larcom sang that she would "rather be a poet of little children than the laureate of a king." James Whitcomb Riley is pre-eminently the poet-laureate of the nursery. This high task not only of interpreting childhood but ministering to child mind and child heart, he has brought the true gifts of the poet, a delicate sense of humor, a keen insight that enables him to discover the pathos in homely lives, the potency of things familiar. Here is a man who can not only sing of the "Green Fields and Running Brooks," but write "Neighborly Poems" by the volume. His "Rhymes of Childhood" are as soothing and delightful to the grandmother as to the grandchildren she dandles on her knees.

Indeed the limitations of Whitcomb Riley testify to his pre-eminent gifts. The neighborliness in him has made of him the "Hoosier poet," the interpreter of Indiana, the master of a dialect full of melody to the ear and picturesque suggestiveness to the mind.

How delightful dialect poetry is anyhow! But, alas! it is necessarily short lived. The local color, so essential an element in poetry, is its doom when it is not successfully rooted classic phrases. Poor dear Hosea Bigelow, who in the 50's so delighted the American public, now is almost unintelligible without a glossary. He must be studied as Chaucer is studied, with the help of learned notes expounding a dead vocabulary. May the day be far distant when American children and their parents will become so sophisticated and "cultured" as to be unable to understand the language of "The Raggedy Man" and the living personality back of it.

God bless Riley, who has given us "Uncle Sidney," "The Happy Little Cripple," "The Boy Who Lives on Our Farm," "The Runaway Boy," and "The Preacher's Boy." We love Riley for "The Squirtgun Uncle Maked Me." May the American children continue long to go with him "Out to Aunt Mary's."

But Whitcomb is more than a writer of rustic verse, more than an interpreter of the farm. He is bigger than Indiana. In his pages there is seldom a hint of remote mythologies, or far fetched classic allusions. But here is insight vouchsafed only to rare souls, sympathy which is the fruit of reflection and a freedom from cant that is sure evidence of sincere piety.

We confess that we have hoped that the day would come when Whitcomb Riley would tune his lute to more world inclusive themes. We miss in his pages the note of universality which marks the greatest poet. We have waited for some compelling recognition that he is not an Indianian but an American, that he is not national but international, in his sympathies. But if we are left without any broader flights of his muse than we now enjoy we still have in these unpretentious and homely volumes that which will help us to escape the trammels of the creeds, the arrogance of the schools, the stolidity and the superficiality that too often clothes itself with the "style" and the "fashion," the conceits and the functions of newly made wealth and the crass pretenses of professional reformers and arrogant "uplifters."

TAKE UNITY'S GREETINGS, BROTHER RILEY. HERE'S WISHING FOR MANY RETURNS OF THE DAY!

Vacated Pulpits

Chicago has again lost two of its prominent and efficient preachers. Dr. McGann, the very active pastor of Trinity Episcopal Church, after having successfully adjusted his church to the changed conditions, secured a considerable endowment fund, started many institutional activities which make of the almost down-town church a social center of real power, he himself withdraws for economic reasons. He must "relieve" the parish of the expense involved by his salary.

Johnston Myers, for twenty years pastor of the most active church on charity lines on the South Side, the Emanuel Baptist, preached his farewell sermon last Sunday. Mr. Myers has been the friend of the "down-and-out." He has defied "scientific charity," "investigators" and "business prudences." When he saw a naked man he forthwith proceeded to clothe him, and when he found a hungry man he went on the theory that the hunger must first be appeased before investigation could put in its work and long-armed charity be tried.

In Mr. Myers' farewell address last Sunday, when his fine auditorium was crowded and many were unable to find access, there was a frank admission that if that appreciative audience had been his in the regular line of his ministry, his resignation might not have been forthcoming. But even this aggressive, effective preacher of undiluted orthodoxy must have been haunted by vacant seats. It is the one cause that lies back of the long line of resignations, the procession of notable Chicago ministers who have moved eastward during the last twenty-five years. The near causes may have been numerous and varied but the hidden and indirect causes were very much the same everywhere—the non-attendance at church services, even on the part of those who believe in the church.

Perhaps the first great blow to Sunday attendance at church came with the discovery of the bicycle. Ministers of all denominations were called upon to stand in the vestibules of their churches on Sunday morning to see a living stream flowing by, their own church members with the rest, speeding countryward with the ostensible plea that they were going to "find God in the woods," and at eventide the church bells fell on the ears of a weary, bedraggled, dusty, tired procession coming home. After the bicycle came the golf fields and then the automobile, and good men and women who believe in the church and the Sunday School are too busy looking after their health, too prompt in appreciating good weather, too obsessed with the idea that there is health and joy and long life in chasing after a little ball across the attractive green. Perhaps they are right. Perhaps the church has grown stupid, the sermons doubtless are monotonous, the Golden Rule, like the multiplication table, does not lend itself to over decoration, and still, of all human institutions the church is the most abiding, the most conquering and we believe most persistently inspiring of all social activities. Suffrage societies, temperance rallies, women's clubs, ward meetings, political discussions, small park recreations and gymnasium restorations, all make their contribution to the well being of society as well as the individual; but the permanent need of some synthesis farther back, some meeting place higher up, abides.

Dr. Myers has been a live man, and like all live thinkers has been growing. He frankly confessed that during these twenty years his creed had been shortened. Sermons preached on the "claims of the Baptist Church" delivered twenty years ago he now says he could not preach. Rather does he wish that all denominations might be wiped off the map and some kind of a coming together, an united church, is the demand of the times. He now places more stress upon a Bible *lived* than a Bible *read*. Our neighbor is still full of the vigor of youth. Though retiring from the pulpit he does not retire from Chicago or turn his back on its needs. Into what channel he is next to bend his energies "doth not yet appear," but we may be assured that he will be in the line of human helpfulness. His will be busy hands and his feet will be quick to run on errands of mercy.

IN THE RAIN.

The clouds that veiled the mountains
  Made all my world a plain,
Gray, sodden; when clear bird notes
  Resounded through the rain.

I stood within the doorway
  To catch the sweet refrain
Of ravishing bird music
  Borne to me through the rain.

Upon a storm drenched rose-tree,
  Singing with might and main,
I spied the winsome creature
  That sang despite the rain.
My heart was lifted heavenward

  By his exultant strain,
Blessings upon thee, little bird,
  That sings out in the rain!

GAZELLE STEVENS SHARP.

DEPARTURE.

The phantom-fleet stood off the shore!
  Inaudible and swift as light,
Anchors invisible did moor
  Their black keels in the night.

At morn they swayed with ebb and tide
  All taut and trim in shroud and sheet.
Just when the cables slipped, none spied,
  Nor tracked the outbound fleet.

We only knew the sails were gone,
  And hollow winds were all abroad;
And one, with them, beyond the dawn
  Sailed the fair seas of God.

—*Mary C. Bishop.*

THE PULPIT

Men of the New Testament
VIII.
James the Heretic

A Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones delivered January 17, 1915 at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

Prayer.

Deepen, O Father, the conviction that "life is eternal and that love is its crown." Help us to find the life within the life and the love beyond all our hates and discords. We pray for a sense of unity this morning for the consciousness of brotherhood. May we feel that the tie that binds each to each and all to Thee now and forever more. Amen.

SERMON.

There are three Jameses that figure prominently in the New Testament, but it is none of these that I propose for our consideration this morning.

1. There is James the son of Zebedee and the brother of John, belonging to the inner circle of the disciples—"Peter and Andrew his brother, and James and John and Philip." According to the Book of Acts this James was murdered under Herod after the crucifixion. According to a legend of the Mother Church, before he came to his translation he had gone forth as a missionary to far away Spain, from whither the bones of the martyr returned in some miraculous way and many years later responded to the touch of the faithful.

2. Then there was James the Less, the son of Alphaeus, of whom we know but little.

3. There is James the Just, the younger brother of the Master, who came into the movement after the death of his brother. He figured as a kind of primitive Bishop of Jerusalem. He is identified with the conservative Jewish party and opposed to Paul.

4. Then we come o the fourth James of the New Testament, the alleged author of this little book that today bears his name. By common consent the name is a later guess and not a very clever one. We have in the book of James a little belated tract of practical Christianity. Whoever wrote it lived far enough away in time and space to see in proper perspective the issue that was in danger of being confused and confounded by the rapidly rising movement. Whoever he was he must have grown distrustful of the philosophical ambiguities of Paul, of the theological or theosophical weavings of the Johannine literature, of the attempt to perpetuate certain Jewish rites and ceremonies out of which the life had gone. Whoever wrote the book of James was a man who was weary of form and formulas, who saw with wonderful clearness the danger of creeds and ceremonies, of rites and rituals. I have spoken of this author as "The First Ethical Culturist." The first five chapters form a beautiful little tract on everyday moralities. It puts the emphasis where, in the long siftings of time, history places it. Not on what you think; not on any observance of ceremonies, but ever on what you *do*. How you live, in the last analysis, becomes the true test of religion. This little tract is elegant in diction. Scholars tell us it is written in higher and more refined Greek than we are wont to find in the New Testament. Our Greek professor selected this little book for our reading exercise, because it was simple in its diction, so elegant in its phraseology, so easily parsed. Reading the modern version you feel how little there is in it that is local, that is peculiar, that is particular. How much of it is universal. There are those who have contended that it is essentially a Jewish production and not Christian at all,—that it was written by some wise Rabbi of the old faith who undertook to boil down the whole Jewish economy. It is a book that might be taken as an elaboration of Sokrates' teachings as readily as the teaching of Jesus. We could readily pick its parallel passages out of the scripture of Buddha or of Zoroaster.

Note the things this little book discusses. The virtue of endurance. The need of modesty of thought. The problem of wealth and poverty. The need of standing firm in the face of temptation. Here is a classic definition of true religion,—"to visit the fatherless and widows and to keep oneself unspotted from the world." Then comes a discussion of the proper treatment of the poor, of faith versus works, or faith as represented through works, the need of the control of the tongue, the subtle insinuating danger of gossip, the difference between true and false wisdom, the hatefulness of party strife, against presumption, against oppression, against profanity or the taking of idle oaths, a plea for patience and the glorification of the spirit. Every line of this is as orthodox in a gathering of ethical culture people as it is in the Catholic Church. Every text of this book is as acceptable in a Unitarian as it is in an Episcopal congregation. Here we have a body of propositions that is lifted above heresy trials, that claims those who on other lines have so fought, disputed, quarreled and wronged one another. This modest man, whose name is lost, wrote at a time and from a point we know not of. The writing probably came into being in the second century. It was probably conceived by a Gentile, most probably in Rome, and was written to correct certain tendencies in the new movement which were developing very rapidly. I mean the theological and ecclesiastical tendencies. Christianity at this juncture was falling into the hands of the theologians and the priests. It was a time when bishops and archbishops were coming to be. It was a time when conclaves were gathering to decide on what was the true faith of the Christian. We are at the roots of the creeds and here is a gifted spirit that sees the dangers and notes the same in classic sentences.

Some day when the arbitrary bookbinder's string is cut, and the New Testament falls as it should into some twenty-seven different literary units, this little tract on "The Good Life," in adequate type and on beautiful paper will be a most delightful Christmas gift or birthday offering. It will be a little book which the anxious mother will slip into the dressing-case of the boy going off to college. It will be a dear little volume that will find rest on the table of the overworked girl who must off to her wage struggle. In the quiet after-supper hour the young woman will delight in this little book "which father gave me when I started for the city." So universal it is, so akin to the things that you and I learned at our mothers' knees, but the things from which we fall away in the turmoil of life and find it as hard to maintain the poise and erectness of the spirit in their presence as we find it difficult to

keep the body buoyant and erect. We should place this unknown man among his compatriots and fellow philosophers.

Brahminism, the great mystical faith of the East, has still much to give to the metaphysician; it is a delight to modern philosophers; but it became so enamored of the mystical verities that it became a burdensome system of incarnations and reincarnations, of emanations and deifications—God manifesting himself in so many different embodiments that they threatened to crush the life of man. The soul became so conscious of eternity that time became trifling.

Then there arose in that far off eastern country of Asia a grim Priest, he also a nameless man today. For he whom we call Zoroaster is remembered only by his title and not by his proper name. He rose out of the complicated divinities of Brahmanism. He declared that there are but two great forces in life that men need concern themselves with,—the Knowing One who is in league with justice, and the Evil One who is his enemy. So Zoroaster simplified Brahmanism into a splendid ethical contest between the battalions of justice and right and the forces of evil. He reduced piety to the simple terms that would delight an Illinois Granger.

"Where is the spot on earth most acceptable to the Holy One!" He answers: "That spot is where the father gathers his family together and with the sacred rites offers prayer." "Where is the second most acceptable spot?" "Where a man builds himself a house and shelter for his family." "Where is the third most holy place?" "The third most holy place is where a man turns up the soil and plants seed in the ground, drains the swamps and irrigates the dry ground." "Where is the fourth most sacred place in the eyes of the Holy One?" "It is where a man gathers his flocks and herds, and the largest amount of fertilizer is accumulated for the enrichment of the soil."

Practical to the last extreme, radical to the straining point of that faith that was cloud enraptured, stars enamored but indolent. Its most devout people represented by the Pundits who sit on the banks of the Ganges month in and month out, contemplating their navels. There was a radical moving of the previous question in Zoroaster's religion.

Perhaps a hundred or a hundred and fifty years later, feeling the burden of this same over-creeded and over-ritualed and over-priestly piety of the Brahmin, there arose another Protestant. One born to royalty, one who inherited luxuries but whose soul was so attuned to the moralities of the world that the very winds brought to his ears the moans of humanity. One who, however, was well sheltered by royal parentage, who ordered that nothing that would depress the spirit of the sensitive child should be permitted to break upon his vision; but when he went out to walk he saw the fever smitten man panting for a drink of water by the roadside. He saw a decrepid, bent, aged man tottering along. He noted a solemn funeral procession and he demanded of his tutor what all this meant. And so oppressed was he with the burdens of the world which the emanations and divinities innumerable did not touch, though clothed with sentiment and ideal beauty, he tore himself away from the loving embrace of his wife and his first born, laid aside his royal robes and clothed himself in the yellow robe of a mendicant, and sought the wise men in the forests, sought solitude that perchance he might find that which would ameliorate the woes of life. And when the steadying point came he returned to his people—as the Buddha with his James like piety. The steps to the pure and holy life were the common rungs in the ladder of every day living. He had moved the previous question.

And what of that grim son of a stone-cutter, that child of a visiting nurse who haunted the public places in Athens? He broke with the radiant pantheon so rich in poetry, so beautiful in suggestion. He summoned the young men and questioned them until they arrived at the central things, until he was able to abash their conceit, to break their confident philosophies, he made them ashamed of their pertinence, their Athenian conceit. Alas, Athenian poets and dreamers could not stand him, so Sokrates came to the poison draft.

What more searching insight into the character of that man of Nazareth, that son of a carpenter, can we come upon than the story, however explained, of the clearing of the Temple porch of the speculators and money changers. "You have made the House of my Father a den of thieves." This is not the end, the central thing in religion. How he brushed away the pietistic formalities of his own people when he went through and not around the bad lands of Samaria, and stayed to talk not only to a Samaritan, but with the higher offence to propriety, to a woman; he who commended the religion of the despised Samaritans who put a wounded man on his ass and carried him to an inn.

Now we jump into the Christian centuries, a thousand years after this James, this most modest of the Protestants that I am speaking of, and come upon that grim, stern, hardy German monk, who broke the fetters of convention and escaped the tyrannies of formal piety. We will never understand Martin Luther and never appreciate the movement he set going until we realize that he was not a mere thinker. He quarreled not with the creeds but with the life of the Catholic Church. He was stirred not by the intolerable philosophy but the intolerable practice of the church He, too, moved the previous question.

To what a royal and loyal company have we referred this obscure author of this little tract only five chapters long, called the "Epistle of James." We might as well give him that name as any other. Early the tradition of the church, with its determination to make that simple which was obscure, and make that plain which was not plain, tacked the name of James onto this little tract on practical religion. He, like these illustrious ones, Brahma, Zoroaster, Buddha, Jesus, Sokrates and Luther moved the previous question and carried the discussion back to the central points.

I am not going to amplify this little sermon. You have it at home. It lends itself to the philosophy that would plead against anger, jealousy and gossip. But there are one or two elegant figures that are classics in their literary completeness: That of the big ship steered by the little rudder; that of the whole body of man and soul of man steered an oftentimes wrecked with the lawless and wayward little organ, the tongue.

And so these great prophets of the spiritual life that I have named lead us into that appreciation of religion and life that will enable us to put the emphasis on the dominant syllable, to put the stress on the proper beat in music, and bring this perspective to bear upon our life. Then we grow symmetrical, economic, devout because we have the proper perspective.

Having said all this and believing it most pro-

foundly, may I try to give the other side. We have not the whole story. This wise man did not state all of true religion. The spiritual life is not exhausted when we "visit the fatherless and the widows and keep ourselves unspotted from the world." There is a plus to life beyond the ten commandments and the multiplication table. It is not the Torah with its profound ethical laws and demands that represent the highest thing in Judaism, though that is always splendid. Juadism would have gone the way of other Oriental life and dynasties had it not somehow preserved its life around the Temple sanctities. It found itself in the Psalms more than in the Proverbs. The protest of Zoroaster which at first was a severe negation of forms, ceremonies and philosophies, insisting instead upon the "hard practicalities," the Yankees would call it, and still Zoroastrianism survives by virtue of an inherent element of beauty. That little band of Parsees that represent, travelers tell us, the most beautiful of Bombay suburbs, are wont each morning, and on festival days, to seek the water side and welcome the rising sun as the best symbol of the Divine. To them light is still ritualistic and the candle symbolic. Buddhism has covered itself all over with the graceful tracery of the vine that is full of poetry of sybolism. Brahminism, that started if not atheistically certainly agnostic on the Godward side, has now clothed itself with innumerable angels and incarnations, and they have gods galore.

And so perhaps the message and emphasis of Sokrates has failed of direct descent. There is no church of Sokrates. Perhaps it was because he missed this plus. We do know that the radicalism of Zoroaster, the emphasis of Judaism failed to perpetuate Christianity on the so-called ethical basis alone. There was something in the human heart that called for a plus, an added something, and so there grew the forms and formulas, the priest and alas the artificialties. When Luther turned his back on all of these, lo! Protestantism must needs bloom into new rituals with fresh foliage. However hard it may be to disentangle the central thing from these accessories, they are there, and represent a force and a power.

Where does this land us? A friend dear to this church wrote me the other day, "I went to hear a great preacher here in this city who preached on "The Illusions of Life." He destroyed the delusions of the world. But I went away hungry because he did not give me anything else to take its place." And so James helps us to strike the proper perspective between the demands of ethics, which are ever the highest demand, and the enforcement of the same. These ever come from the empyrean, from that wealth that lies beyond our demonstration. Time unintensified by a sense of eternity becomes discouraging and depressing. Life unillumined by hopes and dreams becomes strained and unprofitable. To every thinking soul there comes a time, as it came to the Prince of Denmark when he cried, "To be or not to be? That is the question." Hamlet came to this point not for the want of a sense of the ethical, not because his life had been vitiated by immoralities. He did not need more ten commandments, perhaps not more Golden Rule; but he needed that plus to morality, that something that is the spring and source of life and hope which compels the mortal man to dream of immortality, makes the weak man conscious of his limitations somehow to rest in the thought of the omnipresent. That plus that enabled Emerson to say that "The infinite pours its might in the arm that is lifted for the right."

In our recent studies we came upon one of the most searching stories of the New Testament—that of the gracious young man, beautiful in appearance, refined in bearing, comely, whom to look upon was to love. He came to the Master and said: "Master, what can I do to inherit eternal life?" Not the life of immortality in ages to come, but the fullness of life now. There is somehing in the word "eternity" that suggests identity with the everlasting forces now and here, not something after our death.

The answer came from the Presbyterian side of the Master: "What does the law teach thee?" "All these I have kept from my youth up." His face and bearing were justified, and still he yearned for the eternal life, and the Master said: "Go sell what thou hast and give to the poor." The young man went away sorrowing, for he had great possessions. The last touch of tradition, the last demand of convention left this accomplished young man literally empty and unhappy.

Set over against him the brusque, impulsive, unscholarly inefficient Peter, who in the dark hour draws his sword, the wrong weapon in a right cause. Six hours later, when the fire was burning low and all Jerusalem was asleep, in that cowardly early morning before the dawn, Peter was inadequate to the test. He denied the Master thrice. But still he was on hand in whatever happened after the Crucifixion, and again he was on hand to lay the foundation of a great triumph. Wisely or unwisely the great organization of the Catholic Church is established on Peter and not on James. There is something possessed by Peter that the author of this tract on the moral life does not seem to have. Anyhow there is something to the religious life other than that which aims at the practicalities, that visits the orphans and widows, and keeps one unspotted from the world.

This is the nice problem of the religious life, the problem of the spirit, how to keep the proper perspective of life, hold fast to the fundamental moralities and at the same time somehow feed upon the bread that others know not of; wax strong in the faith that may not be explained and nourish one's life from unseen sources.

I stand with the broken hearted widows, the hungry orphans, the flood of tears that now irrigates the soil of Europe, and believe that their tears and groans and prayers, mocked by history, are promises of the future, pledges that the world is not always to be as it has been. Life is not adequately measured by the past, but out of the unseen resources of the universe that have brought us thus far along, triumphant grace is to come.

Obligations to James, the blessed man of ethics, are great; but somehow Peter, the wild dreamer is a perennial resource of this twentieth century. But it is not Peter or James, but it is Jesus who dominates the life of today.

May we ever be consciously at thy side, O Father. Amen.

Subsidy in the Lyceum

A Reply to Frank Dixon before the International Lyceum Association, at Its Recent Annual Meeting Held in Chicago, by the General Manager of the Coit Lyceum Bureau, Cleveland, Ohio.—See Editorial in Unity of September 23, Page 53 and Page 90 of This Issue

On the question of real Subsidy there is no difference between Dr. Dixon and myself. I will yield allegiance to no one in resisting every attempt of the forces of reaction to subsidize the Lyceum, dictating its thought and muzzling its utterance, even though it be attempted under the guise of a Peace propaganda.

More than that, I stand ready to resist every Subsidy where the directors of the Subsidy dictate or censor the utterances of its lecturers.

From these convictions I have not departed, either in thought or business policy. The sense of Dr. Dixon's paper is that I have. Now, in discussing Dr. Dixon's paper, I shall not juggle facts to make out a case for my side. I am interested solely in the truth. This is not a defense, but a mere statement of facts. I should not have appeared in this discussion at all had not so much publicity been given to a certain contract I was instrumental in making, most of which information was colored by misstatement.

Let us first "get together" on what a Subsidy really is, and what a subsidized lecturer is. There is abroad in this land a certain prejudice against subsidies, just as there has been and still is in certain quarters an unreasoning prejudice against wealth, no matter who has it or how it was gotten. Some folks seem to be laboring under the impression that "Subsidy" is a terrible word which should be spoken only in whispers, and that an exposure of it is redolent with those odoriferous possibilities which accompanied the famous cat which Thomas Brooks Fletcher once pleaded guilty of holding the bag. If any of you still retain that provincial idea that there is of necessity a sinister something about every Subsidy, it is evidence unanswerable that you are not on speaking terms with Webster's Unabridged.

That justly famous book says that a "Subsidy" is "*an Aid.*" Come to think of it, the Universities, the Libraries, the Public Schools, the Churches, the Art Institutes, most great musical organizations, like Grand Opera companies and Symphony Orchestras, in fact almost every institution that aims to build character is subsidized. Very sinister, isn't it? If Webster's broadest definition is to be accepted, one of the most famous subsidizers of history,—yes, in fact, I think he invented the Subsidy,—was a certain Good Samaritan who gave aid and money to him who had fallen among thieves on the Jericho road, and who, further, instructed the Innkeeper that he might draw upon him for an additional subsidy, if found necessary.

To go into the Unabridged Webster further, we find this:

"*Subsidize.*—To furnish with a Subsidy; (a) As to purchase the assistance of the payment of a Subsidy; (b) To Aid or Promote, as a private enterprise, with public money; as, to subsidize a steamship line."

"*Subsidy.*—Formerly in England a sum of money granted by Parliament to the Crown and raised by extraordinary or special taxation. A sum of money granted by one State to another, as to a friendly Power to aid in the prosecution of a war. A grant of funds or property from a government, as from a State or a municipal corporation to a private person or company to assist in the establishment or support of an enterprise deemed advantageous to the public; a subvention. In parctice, subsidies are chiefly granted in aid of transportation enterprises, as to ship, canal, or railroad companies, bounties on sugar being next in importance. A subsidy may be a simple gift or may consist in the payment of an amount in excess of the usual charge for any service, as in carrying the mails, or in funds to aid in establishing and maintaining a service or equivalent larger or more powerful than the state of trade would warrant, as the building and keeping in service of vessels designed for use as cruisers and auxiliaries in war. Subsidy is often inexactly used to designate an entire payment for services, as for carrying mail, while a subsidy properly speaking includes compensation for actual services and a subsidy proper, consisting of a sum paid in excess of the compensation. (a) Any gift of money or property made by one person to another by way of financial aid."

So a subsidy may mean to aid with money, of course. But please lay aside, if you have it, the prejudice against money—money that the other fellow has.

There are two ways in which a lecturer, an institution or a newspaper may be subsidized. First, openly. Second, secretly. Dr. Dixon has devoted most of his thought to the secretly subsidized lecturer, and on this matter there is *no issue between us.* I believe every right thinking man and woman here is against the secretly subsidized anything—the thing that is not what it seems,—"the wolf in sheep's clothing." Most newspapers that are subsidized are secretly so, and it is because of this that a sinister meaning has been attached to the very idea of a subsidy.

It seems that both kinds of subsidized lecturers have been booked in the Lyceum. Of those secretly subsidized, personally, I know nothing.

I suppose nearly every manager has been approached by certain selfish interests. I am told that the railroads of the country are afraid of Public Ownership and desire to have the movement chloroformed in its infancy. They realize that public opinion is moulded, to a certain extent, by lecturers—hence their desire to have men in their pay, who are supposed to be booked in the usual way, appear upon Chautauqua circuits. We take no credit for having refused such offers, which, if accpeted, would have meant greater profits to us. It will do no good to mention from whom such offers came, for they were not made in writing, and no documentary proof could be offered, but it seems that some years ago some correspondence did pass between bureaus and business organizations, if Charles Edward Russell's articles in *Pearson's Magazine* is true. In it he made some startling charges, supporting them with correspondence said to have been made public in the Mulhall disclosures.

That article did not cause a ripple in this Association, although, if the article is true, it disclosed a state of affairs at once revolting and vicious.

Why?

Do you not believe that the Russell disclosures,

whether true or not, should have brought to the attention of this organization several years ago the question of subsidized lecturers? Why were those that are so loudly insistent now that the very foundations of the Lyceum are threatened, silent then?

Here are the facts about the openly subsidized lecturers:

Two years ago the Coit-Alber Chautauqua Company placed a lecturer on one of its circuits who appealed especially to farmers. This speaker was paid by the Ohio Agriculture Commission, the money coming from the State treasury. The committee and the audiences knew it and praised the arrangement. The State of Ohio wished to get certain valuable information to the farmers. It chose the Chautauqua as the cheapest and best way. The lecturer was subsidized, openly and without shame, by the great State of Ohio for the benefit of its people. I may say that using this lecturer did not save the Coit-Alber Company one penny. They spent just as much for that program as if this lecturer had not appeared. He was extra. Is there anything sinister about that? Was the lecturer corrupted, and did he speak untruths because his pay checks were signed by the State Treasurer rather than by a bureau manager? So far as I know, nobody found fault, and we were not made the subject of violent attack, although some competing managers knew of it, and one wrote asking how we handled the matter, saying that he wished to make a similar arrangement with the Agriculture Department of his State.

But then came the frightful tragedy, as Dr. Dixon would put it! The Affiliated Bureau Managers in session last November in New York City decided that it would be a patriotic thing and, at the same time, good business, to book a number of famous peace advocates; that the jingoes, the armor and ammunition manufacturers and their natural allies would see to it that enough was said on the other side. We got in touch with David Starr Jordan, who was in New York City then. He was devoting *all his time to the work of the World Foundation* and could give no time to a Lyceum Bureau.

Dr. Hamilton Wright Mabie, Dr. Hamilton Holt and Dr. Charles E. Jefferson were then approached, only to find that all the time they could give to lecturing had been promised to the Carnegie Endowment. A letter from Miss Jane Addams brought the same information, and a little later, in an interview in Washington with the then U. S. Senator from Ohio, Theodore E. Burton, now a presidential possibility, we were told the same thing. So we gave up. The market of leading Peace Advocates had been cornered by the canny Scott. We arranged our lists in sadness, without an advocate for Peace, and prepared for the war of competition. But it seems that while we were pursuing Peace Advocates, the Carnegie Endowment, through its Director of Intercourse and Education, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, was investigating us, because a well-intentioned and prejudiced friend had told Dr. Butler that we were all right.

So along in late January we received a letter from the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace inviting us to arrange the itineraries of the Peace Advocates for the winter of 1915-1916. The arrangement was made in February. I assume personal and full responsibility for the making of the agreement. I am glad the opportunity came, and the other Affiliated Bureau Managers are glad that they were instrumental in placing these famous Peace Advocates on some of the best Lyceum courses in America. The arrangement is a simple one. It provides that the Affiliated Bureaus may place upon Lyceum courses an aggregate of 120 lectures, afterward increased to 150, to be delivered by men already nationally and internationally famous as advocates of International Peace. The honorarium and traveling expenses of these speakers are paid by the Carnegie Endowment. The expense of booking, the office expense and the expense of the necessary advertising matter is borne by the committees, not to exceed $25.00 per lecture. In order that committees might certainly know these speakers were to be paid by the Carnegie Endowment, a special contract was printed and furnished the representatives, and whenever a committee wanted one of these speakers this contract was signed. I have here a number of copies of this contract, and any of you is welcome to a copy, so long as the supply lasts. Now let's see if there is anything even remotely wrong with this.

The subject of International Peace is the greatest subject in the world. Many of our best lecturers have been advocating World Peace. We thought we were doing some good two years ago when we arranged the joint debate between Captain R. P. Hobson and former Governor J. Frank Hanly on "World Disarmament." To get thousands of people to thinking World Peace is a commendable thing, indeed, praiseworthy in these days of sword-swallowing jingoes. No private interest is served by the Peace advocate—only a great public good. No special privilege could possibly benefit from World Peace, while, on the other hand, I know several special interests that would gain through war.

To my mind, the proposal of the Carnegie Endowment constitutes a vast compliment to the Lyceum movement. For years we have been anxious about public recognition. Now, for the first time, a great and wholesome organization has, by its actions, said that it regards the Lyceum platform as the most efficient means of reaching a large section of the public mind.

These Peace Advocates Dr. Dixon has seen fit to call "Carnegie Parrots," implying that they can say only what they are told to say; that their opinions have been bought. "If this were so, it were a grievous fault," but, happily, there is no truth in it, or semblance of truth. The character of the men and women appearing is sufficient warrant against that accusation. Will Dr. Dixon, or anyone else here, please tell me which ones on this list he can buy?

Miss Jane Addams, Hull House Chicago.

Dean Charles R. Brown, Divinity School, Yale University.

Mr. Atherton Brownell, of the Editorial Staff of the *Public Ledger,* Philadelphia.

Hon. Theodore E. Burton, of Ohio.

Hon. P. P. Claxton, U. S. Commissioner of Education.

Dr. Hamilton Holt, Editor *Independent,* New York.

Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, Pastor Broadway Tabernacle.

Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Director Abraham Lincoln Centre.

Dr. Hamilton Wright Mabie, Editor *The Outlook*.

Dr. Edwin D. Mead, Director World Peace Foundation.

President S. C. Mitchell, Delaware College, Newark, Del.

Pres. Rush Rhees, President Rochester University.

Hon. James L. Slayden, Member of Congress from Texas.

Later to this list was added Dr. Lincoln Wirt, known to most of you.

I have said that I stand ready to resist any Subsidy under which the economic views of the speakers are directed by the donors of the Subsidy. Subsidy is dangerous to "free speech" when the Subsidy gives the speakers an intellectual "blue print" that they must follow. This is emphatically what the Carnegie endowment does not do. The majority of the speakers are not only not the voice of Wall Street reaction, but are radicals in their economic thought. Dr. Charles R. Brown, before becoming Dean of the Yale Divinity School, was the outspoken champion of the labor interests of San Francisco. Jenkin Lloyd Jones has been called the Democrat of Democrats. Jane Addams can hardly be called a vicious "stand-patter." Analyze the list of speakers and form your own conclusions.

That this is not a cunning attempt of reaction is evidenced by a letter from the chairman of the Department of Intercourse and Education to the secretary of the Association, in which he says:

"I beg to ask that you inform all our lecturers, teachers and other representatives that the purpose of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace in undertaking and supporting this work is to educate and enlighten public opinion, and not to carry on a special propaganda in reference to the unhappy conditions which now prevail throughout so large a part of the world. It is highly important that purely contentious questions be avoided so far as possible, and that attention be fixed on those underlying principles of international conduct, of international law, and of international organization which must be agreed upon and enforced if peaceful civilization is to continue. It is the confident belief of the Division of Intercourse and Education of the Carnegie Endowment that the American people, when and if they are fully informed as to the principles and policies at stake, will wisely and satisfactorily fix and determine the relation of their own government to these principles and policies, and so exercise a controlling and beneficent influence for international peace and justice and for the protection of the weak against the strong in all parts of the world."

The sole aim of the Carnegie Endowment is to awaken sentiment in a worthy cause; in fact the lecturers of the Carnegie Endowment are even freer than the regular Lyceum lecturer. The Endowment grants them full liberty of thought and speech, and they are not dependent upon the whim of any audience.

These men and women have long been advocates of Peace, and so long as they sanely advocate Peace, the Carnegie Endowment is entirely satisfied. The directors of the Endowment are not agreed as to the best methods for securing it. They realize that World Peace is as yet a sublime dream; but, nevertheless, a dream that they are working to have come true. The claim has been made that the Carnegie Endowment favors peace-at-any-price. Hon. Elihu Root, Secretary of State under the strenuous Roosevelt, is chairman of its Board of Directors. That is sufficient answer to many of the silly charges that are being made. (See *Boston Post*.)

This is a movement to *provoke thought* on the biggest subject in the world today. Is it treason to the Lyceum to bring to the smaller communities of America a hearing of men whose very position in life makes it impossible that they can be heard at the usual fee? Is it a thing that should be provocative of much hissing and gnashing of teeth when a bureau acts as agent of an organization able and willing to pay these fees, and openly says to the communities it serves that such is the case?

What is the moral difference between booking a well-known reader in "The Unseen Empire" at $100 and giving that same community the opportunity to hear the author of the play interpret it at a cost of $25? There is no deception. The community knows what it is getting, and from whom it is getting it. It knows who is paying the freight, and *why*. Now that a greater need for a wider dissemination of the messages has arisen, why does it suddenly become criminal to make possible the hearing of these messages in the towns that have heretofore been denied that opportunity? Has Edmund Vance Cooke become a menace to things American because he speaks in behalf of Peace; has Lincoln Wirt become dangerous to society because he has seen hell vomit on the European continent, and with all the fire of his patriotic soul protests against it?

Dr. Dixon says it is because the committee does not pay all of the fee, the Endowment paying all but $25 of it, and because of this fact a lecturer whom the Endowment does not pay will suffer, for the committee will select a speaker for which they pay only a part of the fee,—hence the professional lecturer will not be able to live.

If you insist on keeping the main argument so close to the bread line, I can accommodate you with facts. Dr. Dixon's theory sounds convincing, but it is only another case of theory and fact clashing, to the utter rout of theory. I have analyzed the booking records of our office for this year and previous years, and the records show that instead of hurting the sale of professional talent it helped it. It did hurt the sale of "so-called" Celebrities or Big Guns, the men Dr. Ott wanted stopped from "shaking our plum tree."

It worked out this way: Lyceum committees spend, as a rule, all the money they take in. Here is a committee that spends $600, of which $150 is usually spent for one of the "plum tree shakers." Instead of taking a $150 Celebrity, the committee selects one of the Peace Advocates, thereby saving $125. What does the committee do with the $125? In nine cases out of ten it spends it for more professional talent. These are facts, easily proved by records. The facts are against you, Dr. Dixon!

Let's get away from the bread line and put the argument on a little higher ground. Under ordinary circumstances it is dangerous to make any appeal which runs counter to self-interest, and there is a well-defined belief abroad in the land that the center of the nervous system lies in the pocketbook; but knowing

this body as I do, and having been in close touch with the fine spirit of unselfishness that lies within it, I do not believe that this Association will demand that moral and national questions shall be fitted around its stomach. Are you ready to say that the question of International Peace, with the Endowment footing the bill, must not be discussed in certain communities because some professional lecturer needs to be fed? And can only be fed, perchance, if he gets a fee for presenting the other side of the subject? Is this the attitude, the ideal of this Association? If so, from what heights it has fallen!

But even if the booking of such lecturers had affected the sale of professional talent, Dr. Dixon's position must stand or fall on these questions: Is the Lyceum in existence primarily to support and protect professional lecturers? Is it an intellectual labor union, regarding as "scab labor," men who may be had on terms other than those of the professional lecturer? Or is the Lyceum an instrument whose function is to bring the biggest possible message to the largest possible number? Is the definition given by Mr. Chaffee correct: "The Lyceum is not an institution for private gain, but for public good?" If the first position is true, that the Lyceum is in existence primarily to protect and support professional lecturers, then we have sinned grievously against the Lyceum. If the second ideal of the Lyceum is true, that it is merely an instrument for bringing the biggest possible message to the largest possible number, then it must follow that if great messages are available from Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Hamilton Wright Mabie, Charles Reynolds Brown, and such men, under a frank and open subsidy, there is no more reason for refusing to take advantage of them than to read a copy of Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" because it came from a Carnegie Free Library.

It is for you to choose which ideal this Association stands for.

LOUIS J. ALBERS,
General Manager of Coit-Lyceum Bureau.
Cleveland, Ohio.

Lincoln's Defense of Women

F. W. Wilson, in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, recently told this story of Lincoln's part in a case against a liquor-seller:

"Lincoln was engaged to defend some women in court at Clinton," said Mr. Wilson. "They were charged with going into a drug store at DeWitt and destroying a barrel of the proprietor's liquor. There was no dispute about the facts in the case. The druggist had been arrested and fined three times for violating the liquor laws. So the women went into his store and emptied his barrel, and he had them arrested.

"I told Mr. Lincoln I had never seen a trial, and begged him to get my father's permission to attend. The people were tremendously interested in the case because they were anxious to see how Lincoln would meet such a formidable situation, with the admitted facts solidly against his clients. Judge David Davis, afterward Senator, was on the bench.

"The State put on the druggist, who described the destruction of his property. Then some witnesses identified the women defendants.

"Lincoln introduced the record of convictions against the druggist for selling liquor. He also proved the reputation of his clients to be that of good women. Lincoln understood that under the law and the evidence there was no hope for an acquittal, and he just put on certain testimony he wished to discuss in his argument. He realized he was making a case for the people as well as for the court.

"The prosecuting attorney demanded a conviction for the 'wanton and reckless acts of these women, who, in defiance of the statutes, had taken the law into their own hands.' While he was declaiming, Lincoln looked at him with a kindly smile.

"Lincoln told the jury that, under the law and the evidence, he supposed a fine would have to be assessed against the women, even though what they had done was strictly in defense of their boys and their homes. With strong feeling he referred to the action of the drug-store man selling liquor despite repeated fines and warnings, and said these women saw no way to make him stop save by the destruction of his liquor. As they were poor women, and could not pay a large fine, he begged the jury to deal with them as leniently as they could, having in mind their duty to administer justice as they saw it.

"The jury was much impressed, but under the instructions, they were compelled to find the defendants guilty. They assessed the punishment at $1 each, the lowest provided by law, but that carried with it the costs, which were considerable.

"The moment the verdict was announced, Lincoln arose, picked up a dollar out of his pocket and dropped it in his hat.

" 'People,' he said, 'you understand all about this case. Now, all of you who feel for these women can contribute while I pass around the hat.'

"With that the crowd set up a cheer, and the men began reaching for their money. The judge and the jury chipped in with the rest, and when Lincoln emptied his hat in the laps of the women, they had $65 with which to discharge their indebtedness to the court. All this time the crowd was cheering."—*Friends' Intelligencer.*

AN OLD-TIME GARDEN.

O for a garden of the olden time
Where none but long-familiar flowers grow,
Where pebbled paths go winding to and fro,
And honeysuckles over arbors climb!
There would I have a sweet mignonette and thyme.
With hollyhocks and dahlias all a-row,
The hyacinth inscribed with words of woe,
The small blue-bell that beats a dainty chime
For elfin ears; and daffodilies, too,
The sleepy poppy, and the marigold,
The peony with petals manifold,
And ragged-robins, pink and white and blue.
All these and more I'd have, and back of all
A thousand roses on a mossy wall!

Friends Intelligencer and Journal. —*J. R. H.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE VOICE OF THE LITTLE PEOPLES.

Inarticulate at home, the little subject-peoples of Europe have in free America a chance to place their hopes and fears before the world and to ask justice without fear of the consequences. Each of the great belligerent empires contains within its borders one or more of these subject-races, some of whom have suffered centuries of oppression at the hands of the dominant nation. Thus in Russia we have the Ruthenians, the Lithuanians, and the Letts; in Austria-Hungary the Bohemians, Moravians, Slovaks, and some Ruthenians in the east; while in the Southwest the Croatians, Slavonians, and other South Slavic peoples are living in hopes of ultimate national self-expression. Poland lies dismembered, possessed by Russia, Germany and Austria, receiving justice from none of them, while in Turkey Christian peoples like the Armenians and the Syrians are in constant terror of the fire and sword of their Moslem neighbors. The *Literary Digest* has recently published a series of articles showing the aspirations of these "little peoples;" and it now gives its readers the first opportunity yet furnished of ascertaining the collective views of these subject-races on the question of the war as expressed by the editors of their national organs in the United States. These views are especially valuable, as they represent the real unfettered opinions of the writers, and are a better index to the feelings of the subject-races than any quotation from papers published in the country of their origin could possibly be.

Our canvass of the papers of these races published in America has brought forth many interesting features, not the least curious of which is that only one nation among all these subject-peoples is whole-heartedly in sympathy with the Teutonic powers. The Ruthenian papers, representing a nation of some 40,000,000 who dwell in the Ukraine in the southern part of Russia and in Galicia, have, without exception, expressed the strongest desire for the success of the German armies and an intense antipathy to Russia and all her works. Of the other nations dwelling in Russia, we find the sympathy of the Finns pretty equally divided, while the Lithuanians from the Baltic provinces profess a neutral attitude, tempered by some pro-Ally tendencies.

The Poles, whose former kingdom is now partitioned among Russia, Germany and Austria, are somewhat divided in their sympathies. "A plague on both your houses!" is the attitude of the average Pole, who will be satisfied with nothing less than the re-establishment of the ancient glories of his country. Both of the belligerents, however, have made strong appeals for his sympathy and both have promised that an autonomous Poland shall rise anew out of the wreckage of the war. Compelled by this situation to take sides, the Polish papers in America are inclined to place more trust upon the assurance of the Allies, although there are strong exceptions to this sentiment!

The polyglot Austro-Hungarian Empire naturally contains a great number of these subject-races, who are, on the whole, distinctly pro-Ally. Nowhere is this sentiment more marked than among the Bohemians, whose organs in this country are unanimous in their desire for unity with their Slavic brethren, which they conceive can be obtained only by the defeat of the Central Powers. As one of the most vigorous and well organized of all the subject-races, the American Bohemians have been conducting a strenuous publicity campaign, and the Bohemian National Alliance of America has published a pamphlet repudiating the "Appeal to the American People" against arms exports, which was published as an advertisement in the newspapers some months ago and to which we referred in our issue of April 17. This repudiation is signed by five national alliances, the editors of twenty-six Bohemian organs, and by ten editors of other nationalities, and they aver that "the appeal was signed by the newspapers whose publishers did not understand the real intention of the document and did not read its full text. Their signatures were obtained by false pretenses. . . . . We, the representatives of a great part of the European immigrants in America, deem it our solemn duty to declare that . . . we express our complete confidence in the government of this country for its correct and careful attitude as the one great neutral power, and we repudiate most emphatically the immoral and hypocritical campaign against the countries that defend violated Belgium and fight for the rise of small nations to a separate existance and unhampered development." Turning to purely Bohemian questions, these representatives of the nation say:

"The history of Austria for the last four hundred years is a record of unparalleled and unequaled oppression of all non-German and non-Magyar nationalities. The hands of the Hapsburgs even now are dripping with the blood of Bohemian martyrs condemned to death and executed simply because they had the courage and moral backbone to refuse to fight for a government much worse in many respects than that of the czarism in its worst days ever was. It is a fact that many Bohemian regiments in the Austrian army have been decimated and dissolved because the Bohemians will not fight for the cause of the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzolerns."

Such sentiments find a strong echo among peoples like the Slovaks, Croatians, and those other little nations who look forward to the creation of a new State of "Jugoslavia" along the shores of the Adriatic. The "Jugoslavian" editors who have analyzed the situation for us are of the opinion that at least 90 per cent of their nationals are out of sympathy with their Teutonic neighbors, and hope that a victory for the Allies will result in new opportunities for national development.

Turkey's subject-races are uncompromisingly hostile to her, the Armenian journals being very bitter, while the Arabic papers in America, mainly published by Christian subjects of the Sultan, are, like the Armenians, looking forward confidently to emancipation of their nationals from Moslem rule.

Coming now to a closer examination of the press of these small peoples, we find that while all the other Slavic peoples, as we have indicated above, look with a kindly eye toward Russia and her allies, the Ruhtenians are uncompromisingly against her. Thus the editor of the Pittsburg *Sojuz* writes:

"This war is not our war. We are mere passive creatures in this turmoil, because we have no Government of our own and our nation is divided and subject partly to Austria and partly to Russia. . . . Our brother Slavs, the Russians, are the dealiest enemies of our national development, while, on the other hand, whether sincerely or not, and perhaps following her old rule *'divide et impera,'* the Austrian Government gave us in Galicia—after a great fight, it is true—a chance to develop our national peculiarities and institutions. . . . On the side of Russia there is no hope for us. On the side of Austria, although we may not gain our independence, we are quite sure that we would enjoy the freedom of our

national development, which was permitted to us before the war began, and therefore we take our stand on the side of the Central Powers."

From Scranton the editor of *Narodna Wola* voices another Ruthenian opinion:

"Our decided stand against that stronghold of European reaction—the Russian officialism of today—does not mean that we Ruthenians are inimical to the Russian people, or, on the other hand, that we are entirely in accord with the Austro-Hungarian Government and all its policies. We appreciate the basic idea of the Austro-Hungarian Constitution—equal rights for every race; but at the same time we are not blind to its shortcomings. We Ukrainians were Russianized in Russia, Magyarized in Hungary, Roumanianized in Bukowina, and Polandized in Galicia. Yet, notwithstanding all obstacles, this peasant race of ours in a short constitutional life in Austria-Hungary not only held its own there, but became a beacon-light for the Ukrainians in Russia and a menace before which despotic Russia began to tremble. This explains why the sympathies of the Ukrainians are with Austria-Hungary and against Russia, and that they are right Russia herself has proved to the satisfaction of the whole world by her efforts to exterminate the Ukrainians during her short occupation of Galicia."

As examples of the sentiment of the people of Finland, we may quote two papers, one, a Lutheran religious organ, the *Amerikan Suometair,* of Hancock, Mich., which admits that the sympathy of its readers with Germany arises more from cultural than from political reasons:

"The sympathies of our readers are somewhat divided between Russia and Germany, but taken as a whole we can say with good reason that the sympathies of the Finns in this war are leaning more strongly to the side of Germany than to that of Russia and its allies. . . . For our own part, we are of the opinion that the victory of Germany would also be the victory of Occidental civilization—even to England and France—as Russian supremacy would mean a menace to both culture and the spread of democracy."

The *New Yorkin Uutiset* takes a somewhat different attitude, and remarks that the Finns, while loving Russia little, love Germany even less:

"The people of Finland have no love for the Russian bureaucracy, but they have seen too many good examples of German methods in Poland to hope for anything from that country. So long as Finland does not become a fighting-ground our people have no reason seriously to take sides in the conflict. Of course, there are some of our people whose hatred of Russia gets the better of their judgment, who loudly proclaim that Finland should help Germany and get its independence as a reward. But the majority of our people are sensible enough to oppose such a course."

Lithuanian opinion, we learn from the editor of the Boston *Keleivis,* is dependent on political views. He writes of this subject-race of the Czar:

"The conservative element—the clerical and nationals—favor the cause of Russia, for the Russian people, whose culture is inferior to that of the Lithuanians, are easier adversaries. . . . The progressive element—the Socialists and radicals and the Prussian Lithuanians—are on the side of Germany, as Russia has always been the oppressor of progress and liberty. . . . Had the struggle been between Germany and Russia alone, the sympathies of the Lithuanian people would have been decidedly pro-German, but since France, England and Italy are on the side of Russia, many of our people fear that a Teutonic victory would amount to a world domination, and for that reason cast their sympathies with the cause of the Allies."

The editor of the Scranton *Laisvoji Mintis* expresses similar opinions, but says that the Nationalists look for absolute independence rather than autonomy under Russian suzerainty. He thinks that if the Lithuanians were forced to make a choice between Russia and Germany, it would be extremely difficult at present to tell whether they would prefer the hammer or the anvil:

"The Lithuanians have suffered through the ages from German oppression—I have only to remind you of the fate of the Old Prussians and of the Germanization of the Lithuanians in East Prussia. They have, however, suffered no less from Russia. For example, from 1864 to 1904 they were prohibited from printing even a prayer-book in their own language."

The Brooklyn *Vienybes Lietuvninku* refuses to take sides at all, on the ground that both Russia and Germany have been equally oppressive. But the editor of the Lawrence *Tarka* thinks that "the majority of Lithuanians are inclined to throw in their lot with Russia, because constitutional freedom is inevitable after the war," and he holds that the Germanization of Lithuanians would be most successfully accomplished were the Teutonic arms to be successful. Similar expressions come from the Chicago *Lietuva*:

"Out of two bad propositions, one very naturally selects that which is less bad. This is the reason in a nutshell why the Lithuanians as a whole are overwhelmingly on the side of Russia and her allies. Lithuania is parceled out between Germany and Russia, and both of them did their best to exterminate this once powerful, but now almost forgotten, nation. Germany did the job better, and in a nice, *kultur*-like manner almost succeeded in obliterating the Lithuanians in East Prussia. To be sure, Russia's hand toward us has not been fatherly or tender, and oppressions have been many and hard. None the less, we are siding with Russia because our national future promises to be brighter in the event of the final victory of the Allies and Russia."

Turning to the Polish papers, we find a certain reluctance among many influential organs to express a decided opinion one way or the other. The *Gazeta Buffaloska* merely remarks, "We are neutral," but another influential Polish paper, the Buffalo *Dziennik Dla Wszystkich,* says that—

"We Poles would like to see the most disastrous defeat inflicted on all the foes of Poland, such robber nations as Russia, Prussia, and Austria, for it is only then, after the absolute defeat and exhaustion of these foes, that the Polish nation may hope for independence and her re-establishment as a sovereign State."

The organ of the Polish National Council of America, the Chicago *Free Poland,* claims to be entirely neutral. Its editor writes:

"*Free Poland* is a semimonthly devoted to telling the truth about Poland and her people, and its policy is neutral. Of the sixty leading articles published in *Free Poland* during the year, thirty-three have been neutral, eighteen favorable to the Triple Entente, and nine favorable to the Central Powers, or rather to Austria. From the above it can readily be seen that our policy is neutral."

This neutrality might suggest to some minds that *Free Poland* has a slight pro-Ally bias. Such a bias is candidly admitted by the editor of the Newark *Kronika,* for he considers that—

"The great majority of the Polish organizations in this country has been and is pro-Ally, notwithstanding recent Russian reverses. . . . As regards my own opinion, I prefer the so-called 'barbarism' of Russia to the highest *Kultur* of Prussia. The first wounds the national body, wounds that time will heal; the second kills the soul of the Polish nation, and when that is once done the nation will never rise again."

(To be continued.)

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